

—●—
LXIX.
GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.
Editorial Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune
"Who has not in Granada been,
Verily, he has nothing seen."

Guide to the celebrated Washington Irving and I dismissed the other applicant. The next morning, as the mozo brought me my chocolate he said: "Señor, *el chico* is waiting for you." The "little one" turned out to be the son of Mateo, "honest Mateo," who still lives up

and the golden Darro, which roars in front of the hotel, was a swollen brown flood. I did wonder that he sometimes threatens, as the poet-complet says, to burst up the Zacatín, and beat it down to his bride, the Xenil.

Toward noon, the clouds broke away a little and we sallied out. Passing through the garden and square of Vivarrambin, (may not this name come from the Arabic *hab er-rand*, the "gate of the wind,"?) we came to the Plaza de San Juan, where the

We next went to the Picture Gallery, which is in the Franciscan Convent. There are

small Miraflores, nitch damaged, some foliage. Alonzo Cano, a few common-place pictures of Juan de Sevilla, and a hundred or more by others whose names I did not inquire, for a more hideous collection of trash never met my eye. One of them represents a miracle performed by two saints, who cut off the diseased leg of sick white man and replace it by the sound leg of a dead negro, whose body is seen lying beside the bed. Judging from the ghastly face of the patient, the operation is rather painful, though the story goes that the black leg grew fast, and the man recovered. The picture *lousy* illustrates the absence of a conscience

We went into the adjoining Church of San Domingo, which has several very rich shrines of marble and gold. A sort of priestly sacristy opened the Church of the Madonnita del Rosar

—a glittering mixture of marble, gold and loo-
ing-glasses, which has rather a rich effect. The
beautiful yellow and red veined marbles a

—has a dress of silver, shaped like an extinguisher and encrusted with rubies and other precious stones. The utter absence of taste in many Catholic shrines is an extraordinary thing. It seems remarkable that a Church which has pro-

Among the decorations of the chapel, there are a host of cherubs frescoed on the ceiling, and one of them is represented in the act of riding off a blunderbuss. "Is it true that the angels carry blunderbusses?" I asked the priest. He shrugged his shoulders with a sort of half-smile and said nothing. In the Cathedral, on the plinths of the columns on the outer aisles, are several notices to the effect that "whoever speaks to women, either in the nave or in

A deluge of rain put a stop to my sight-seeing until the next morning, when I set out with Mateo to visit the Royal Chapel. A murder had been committed in the night, near the entrance of the Zacatin, and the paving-stones were still red with the blood of the victim. A *funcion* of some sort was going on in the Chapel, and we went into the sacristy to wait. The priests and choristers were there, chan-

ing their robes; they saluted me good-humoredly, though there was an expression in their faces that plainly said: "a heretic!" When the service was concluded, I went into the chapel and examined the high altar, with its rude wood-carvings, representing the surrender of Granada. The portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, Cardinal Ximenez, Gonzalvo de Cordova and King Bombdil, are very curious. Another tablet represents the baptism of

In the center of the chapel stand the monuments erected to Ferdinand and Isabella, and their successors, Philip I. and Maria, by Charles. They are tall catafalques of white marble, super-

ly sculptured, with the full-length empires of the monarchs upon them. The figures are admirable that of Isabella, especially, though the features are settled in the repose of death, expresses the grand and noble traits which belonged

her character. The sacristan removed the matting from a part of the floor, disclosing iron grating underneath. A damp, mouldy smell, significant of death and decay, came through the opening. He lighted two long waxen tapers, lifted the grating, and I followed him down the narrow steps into the vault where

lie the chains of the Catholic Kings. They were brought here from the Alhambra, in 1528. The leaden sarcophagi, containing the bodies of Ferdinand and Isabella, lie side by side on stone slabs, and as I stood between the two, resting a hand on each, the sacristan placed the tapestries in apertures in the stone, at the head and feet.

They sleep as they wished, in their beloved Granada, and no profane hand has ever disturbed the repose of their ashes.

adjoining Church and Hospital of San Juan Dios. A fat priest, washing his hands in the sacristy, sent a boy to show me the Chapel San Juan, and the relics. The remains of the

ter of a richly-adorned Chapel. Among the relics is a thorn from the crown of Christ, which as any botanist may see, must have grown on a different plant from the other thorn they show.

at Seyme, and neither kind is found in Palestine. The true *spina christi*, the nebhukh, has very small thorns, but nothing can be more cruel, as I found when riding through patches of it near Jericho. The boy also showed me

tooth of San Lorenzo, a crooked brown *bicusp*
from which I should infer that the Saint was
rather an ill-favored man. The gilded Chap
of San Juan is in singular contrast with one
the garments he wore when living—a com

plaited reeds, looking like an old fish basket which is kept in a glass case. His portrait is also to be seen: a mild and beautiful face, true that of one who went about doing good. He was a son of Sarah, John Howard and daughter

I ascended the street of the Darro to the Albaycin, which we entered by one of the ancient gates. This suburb is still surrounded by the

have been filled up, and for the first time it passed into Spanish hands, those scenes